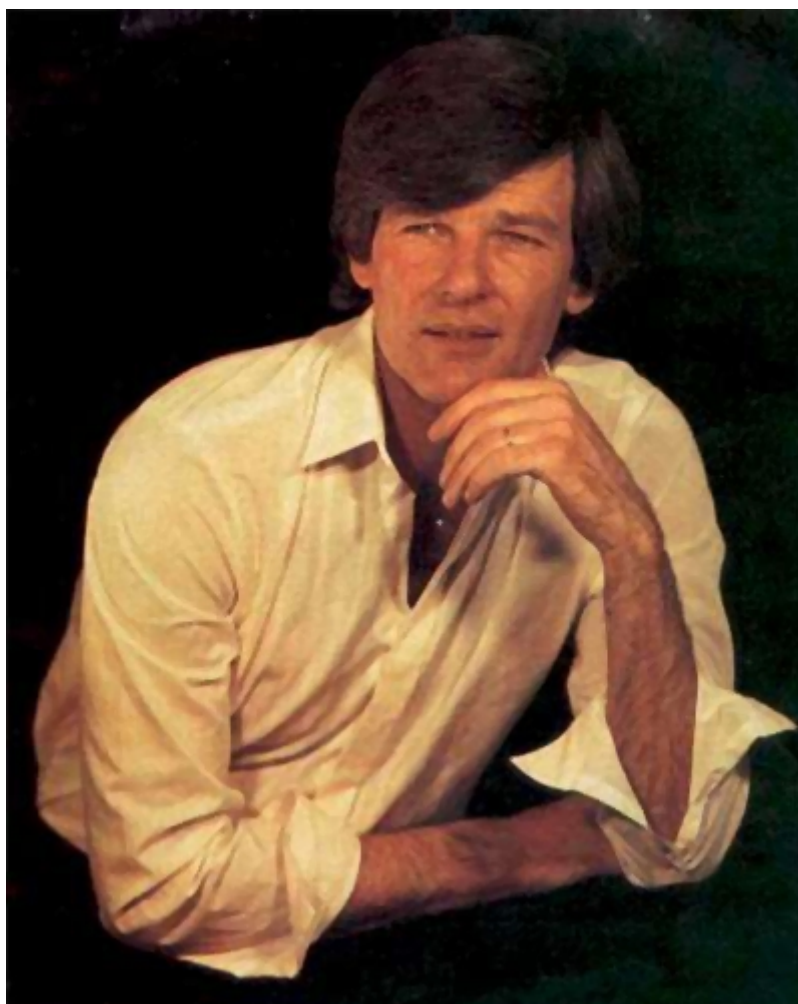


God Bless Tiny Ideas: An American Rebel

for Dean Reed



Poetry by A.J. Kaufmann

*****new polish beat 2017*****

cowboy rebel the oppressor saint
contrasted w/

GDR
plasticity

or a small Georgian
high rise
altar

sharing
s pace
words

w/ Lenin & Jesus

f r o m atop the Fernsehturm, *fernweh*, spinning
continuously
into the
night
sky
blue eyed

live a rebel die o n e

when I l dream my *Traum*
e
a
v
e
motherland
s o i l
the cowboy in
e x i l e
I'll croon of great
things
o n l y

revolution ---classes ---rebellion
Party ---grainfields ---freedom
conquest of outer/space
factories ---workingmen ---Cuba

farming ---production progress -isms
Asfalt prairie
red cowboys
poor honest rebels
love for the *volk*

Asfalt cowboys
on endless reels of rhyme

but then I'll stop at
„*Es gibt eine Liebe, die bleibt*”

god bless tiny ideas.

swan rider in white
gunless he was
bright crooner love
autograph he was
no bullshit preacher, road scholar instead
trapped between cities
of the futuristic ear
compass
loved too many faces
but love is wide
cruel it was
freedom urge in an unfree land
red not even metaphorically
but grey
as the white screen cowboys
slowly faded
from rainbow dreams
awakening
and they say it was another case of
Vietnam Blues
while instead
it was freedom
within the German democratic chain
he loved like
a brother

dawn bleed pure
cold contrast
on black warm yellow pages
of postWWII German history
American rebel
walks into the script
carrying just the right message
in perfect
proportions
he will sell many records
he is the producer
or so we thought
first

but then he entered the studio
to cut his last
Amiga hit

Dusk Lichtenberg megaphone shrill
Rundfunk der DDR
& the DFF repeat
„Dean Reed is dead”
all legends
end up face down/or up
in the swimming pool
think of Brian Jones – now wasn't he
your brother?
think of the Party
didn't you love it?
& what really happened
in the collective mind
legends will repeat
& what really happened
people often
forget

Stasi morning
wiretapping
ventilator
---Wall zone death toll rises
plum stone
pickle jar
wiretapping
---exterminator column exits town
god creates them I kill them -
I kill them
god resurrects them.

while
an Argentinian boy/girl friend in 60s patio
humming *Perdoname Mi Vida*
2014, Dean is right, he has friends here-
a digital funhouse
neo trans massage house
learned nothing about
communism – so androgynous
teen idols
feed his once-faithful
fans – difference is
he was a clean star.

at A l e x a n d e r p l a t z, he imagines the footuristic samba
rhythmicated to space age conquer
moontroops, currently spinning in cubes
of livingrooms; and
looking at F e r n s e h t u r m
spy movie rocket-
he's sure
it'll elevate his music
way above E l v i s'
love croon
and A r m s t r o n g's shy steps on the M o o n.

first trip wrapped in newspapers
like a hard-boiled egg
dipped in tea forever... forever... warm, efficient noise
shutting
black iron door
of *Cherniy Voron*
passing through my heart
to the beat of
a James Brown hotel
Eastern Bloc block
still current
spilling orange delicatessen:
secret sets of a friendly
net

snow changed hands and stations
she did for me, what I to Moscow winters
and caviar... caviar... peeling, reeling
through vodka-haired chic bartender
serving far subway
silent East Berlin:
it blew white china
leaves, the
chandelier Gorky and Lenin
swinging to Colorado rhythms

subterranean splendors
gather
deciding
what's art what's not
and what he'll record
on our
workingmen's
carousel
teapot

did you leave? "I'm burned out" - said the young man
arched in the Wall's keyhole
glimpses of his blues orgasm
grasshoppered yesterday
at the barber's
unless you know who churned his hair,
I'm sure he was riding the same U-Bahn
in the opposite direction
asking awkward questions
to nonexistent conductors

I "was" yesterday - grunted, stare-i-lizing in empty
eyes of the chick in a branded suit
listening to the producer
carefully choosing lyrics

revolutionary repertoire!

his time was running out - "was"
I felt sorry for the young - my time has not begun
I hooked myself shaving w/ a trickle of blood
still hung on the chin

musicians threw brands, I would like to be him
20y/o again
I was not much older, but the young man sighed again
- I'm a loser, wanted to be
praire poet - boy,
I thought sparks of life fled here
The Wall
& everything

in nature –
natural
it's not a matter of years, but
look at me, young communist carcass
which still smells
of guerilla perfume dawn
and never has enough
of deliberate, final
kicks from its older, obliging colleagues

onwards, westwards!

Sinatra in S c h m ö c k w i t z
sunrises at T r e p t o w e r P a r k
must have been
it

even if
political persons
are good for
nothing
and his „Together”
was different
from Jane's
„Together”

though the song is really
love
both sides
of the red jacket bird
cage
no plastic soldier
cracked open
but paper airplanes flew
over

scene nights strange for
quiet lives
drag lone strippers
& midnight
rangers
thru inpresence
and you're right to follow that dream
to the Village
and Chelsea Hotel
and she's your
name of the song
whatever it is
that you're
writing

sit on the sofa, relax
you'll hear it a million
times; just practicing
leaving
on a rebel winged
rocket
the backing track's
ready

get oranges, Christmas

summarum 1

farming ---production progress -isms
Asfalt prairie red cowboy
poor honest rebel
American *volk-lover*

revolution ---classes ---rebellion
Party ---grainfields ---freedom
conquest of outer/space
factories ---workingmen --- in the German
Democratic Republic
grey/tired
- from rainbow dreams awakening

just another case of
Vietnam Blues?
or freedom
within the German democratic Chain – of smokers-thinkers
he loved like
brothers?

those Asphalt cowboys
on endless reels of rhyme>>>

trapped in a Stasi morning
wiretapping
ventilators
---Wall zone death toll rises
plum stone bugs
<<<deck pickle jars

---exterminator column exits town
„god creates them I kill them ” -
I kill them
god resurrects them

summarum 2

ff>>> we are revolutionaries! I'm Chile
1961; polarities embrace – the complex be
our new naive rebel
fresh U.S. authentic

„we” – they say „are pieces of wardrobe”
we – locks of hair; we are revolutionaries
pop is what we want
star is what I give them
once again Donna Donna
but they won't buy it
- there's new agitators shaking

me, another pacifist
thrown to other shores, too early
or just in time to be late
dawning of the new song – dawning of themes
swift awareness blooming
in Argentina 1964

I'm not a politician
so threaten me further-

while the war keeps on &
history calls
babe, I must be going
---rewind Chile 1970
& here I write my anthem – the one
they crucified me on>>>

art is my weapon-
I defend the world
from those that make poor bow
to the rich guy in the front row

summarum 3

Moscow'65 – bring it on home- Greenwich/

Hello Comrade

let's bring on
the boogie; youth enstanza dancing
clean the American
flag – was it Russia
was it elsewhere, was it teen flu

Blue Suede Shoes -on wind of
freedom, book of life

& -tweest- where Elvis *failed* you'll
take us

-one killed by forces of evil; candle
on the Communist table, last one
turning
the page; worried but laughing on pictures

first one washing the
flag
come brag elsewhere
this is rock'n'roll
romantic, cult Melodiya singles
I sell you no propa
ganda
mindwash bubblegum
culture; both worlds, really, bought'em

Comrade, you're fine addition

do sing for us & wash us
off of anything that might stain
us

in the future; cause yes, it is
now, we're ready.